Interview with Lynn Greenwalt

Former FWS Director

As interviewed by Mark Madison,
NCTC Historian
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Mark Madison: Hi, we are here at the National Conservation Training Center in Shepardstown West, Virginia, and I am the Historian here Mark Madison. Today we are going to interview ex Director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, Lynn Greenwalt, and the date today is June 26, 1999. Lynn I thought we'd perhaps start at the beginning and get some reminisces some recollections from growing up on a refuge.

Lynn Greenwalt: Well I'm a person who has those recollections, because I did in fact grow up on National Wildlife Refuges. That occurred because my father, was hired from a role as a newspaper man, in Nevada, actually to spend one summer documenting the need for land to preserve the then very scarce Prong Horn Antelope. He never went back to the newspaper but went to the Charles Sheldon Refuge, where I was born, and I hasten to say that mythology has it that I born on the refuge, which is not true, I was born in Reno, Nevada, where civilized people went to have children in those days. But I was raised till age 5 at the Charles Sheldon Refuge in Northwestern Nevada. A compassionate organization looked at my parents when I reached school age and said, "there is no place for this kid to go to school here its to far from anywhere, lets send them to a place where he can go to school." That place was Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge in Southwestern, Oklahoma, where I lived for the next nearly twenty years. My father was Assistant Manager, and Manager there for almost thirty years. So I grew up, in the first case, at Sheldon with parents present, no siblings no other people my own age a little of a menagerie of a dog and some bummer lambs that came in off the range, and a young antelope a I recall, and a horse. I didn't ride the horse it just followed me around.

This was kinda primitive living for my parents, because there was no electricity, there was no running water, none of the amenities, it was in the early thirties, thing just weren't done that way. It wasn't until I suppose I

was three or four that we actually had a house build for us, at Sheldon Refuge, this was something of a culture shock for my parents because I am sure they thought they were never going to live in a house again, but for me it was a real adventure. Because here was this place I didn't understand very well, it troubled me a little, because I had almost never saw anybody my own age and was quite uncomfortable in that kind of an environment. So in 1936, when we went to Oklahoma, things changed dramatically because there were other children on the refuge, and there were a lot people living there, and I was about to go to school. But my experiences were not much different in many ways from those of rural farm children, of which there were plenty in that part of the world. So we had the great out of doors, I had one of the largest playgrounds imaginable about 95 square miles, fortunately for my mothers well being I didn't explore much of that, but it was there. It was a real experience, to grow up in that situation in those days before the Second World War there was almost no public use of this or any other National Wildlife Refuges, nobody did it.

It was at the end of the depression there wasn't much money, I went to school with kids who were impoverished, I was looked upon as being extraordinarily fortunate because my father was a government employee and must have made all of about $1,100.00 a year. That was more than anybody else made. So I had this sort of mixed exposure to other people. It took a turn, an interesting one, at the outset of the Second World War when suddenly there were people taken away from the Fish and Wildlife Service and put in the military. My father was given the responsibility after he unsuccessfully attempted to join, the Army and the Navy, and all these things, he was too old, he had been in the Navy in the First World War but the war ended just as he was about to do something constructive. He was very upset that he could not join the military, so they gave him the responsibility of the Wichita Mountains as well as Salt Planes, in Northwestern Oklahoma, some distance away, and he took me with him everywhere he went. On these forays into the other refuge, and he began a crusade to collect scrap metal. Here his small boy and the small boy son of one of the other employees, and my father scrabbling around in the evenings and on weekends, digging up trash piles looking for scrap iron. And by the time the war was over he had collected over two thousand tons of scrap iron from this place for the war effort. I can remember how seriously he took it and how seriously he took his job generally, because he felt it was a duel contribution one to the war effort and the other to maintain these places for the purposes for which they were established, and he was doing it almost

single handedly because all the other able bodied people were doing something else.

In addition at Wichita Mountains there was a very large very old military base adjacent, connected, Fort Sill, the artillery center for the United States, and during the war years there were agreements reached that enabled the military to maneuver on the refuge. They were forbidden in spite of their efforts to the contrary to maneuver in parts of it that were not ordinarily open to the public. My father went to a lot of trouble to maintain the sanctity of about half this huge area, and to do daily battle with the military who wanted to, always to do dramatic things to the landscape. And at the same time to enable them to train these young people to go fight the war. I watched him do this, as one example. It was a ritual in my family that perhaps no other family of that time or since has really engaged in, it was a ritual each evening to walk about a mile up the hill and count the dynamite sticks in the powder house. He was required to do this everyday. The caps in one building and the dynamite sticks in an other, because these in the wrong hands could be a problem. So he diligently, faithfully every evening we'd walk up and count the dynamite sticks and walk back home again. That's a kind of bonding that doesn't happen I suspect with most young folks.

So growing up on the refuge enabled me to watch things unfurl, it enabled me to, to see the people who came to the refuge to visit. Particularly toward the end of the war and after the war, when visitations by officials were fairly common, and they all wound up in my mothers house because there was no place else to go. There were no motels and few hotels and no places to eat. So she fed them, and as a result I would sit quietly usually at the dinner table and listen to Ira Gabrielson, J. Clark Salyer, and people of that type, that stature, in my house. Listened to what they said and the way they comported themselves, and it was fascinating because I was beginning to have this register on me. The refuge also attracted a lot of people who were famous as birders, and this sort of thing, who also came though the house. So it was a kind of a, what should I say, a parade of extraordinary interesting people, artists, authors, people of that kind which I perhaps I appreciate them more in retrospect than I did at the time. But here was this thing that presented itself to me, a life of public service as my father conducted it.

Absolutely fascinating, and as I went in to high school, the high school I attended was a very small one there were fourteen people in my graduating class for example. So the curriculum was necessarily some what limited and then I took agriculture and all kind of things that didn't really interest me but probably were good for me in order to graduate, and I wasn't sure what I wanted to do. I had harbored the idea for a time of doing newspaper work. My father loved to read newspapers and he loved to read generally, and we'd talk about things. I remember he would take an issue of the local newspaper and spread it out on the floor, and then he'd go through and say " Do you see this? This is not quite the way it ought to be said" it was a lesson from a real professional for me that has helped me a good deal in time. I thought using words would be a lot of fun, and then about the time I graduated, I looked at what my father was doing, and the people who did the same sort of work I had seen, and known and all this. I thought there is something about this that is immensely appealing, because I can never remember a time when my father didn't have a good day. There were bad moments in the days but it was fun and he enjoyed it. He reveled in this work and was able to make it his vocation and in many ways his avocation, added to by his incredible love of fishing, which he taught me to do. So I finally decided this is so good I think I'd better try this. So I went for a year to school, in California, at the behest of my mother, whose brother taught there, and she wanted me to get a little different perspective of education, and I found the perspective kind of interesting because in those years in California people from Oklahoma were Okie's, and spoken of in that fashion everywhere. So I began to understand what it was like to not be part of the mainstream although I thought I was, but I was an Okie. Well I came away and I proved I was an Okie, by going to the University of Oklahoma. Where I got a degree in Zoology.

M.M.: When would this be? What year?

L.G.: I graduated from High School in 1949, so 1950 thru 1953 I was in the University of Oklahoma. I was there during the Korean war, and thanks to the compassion, and what, I hope in looking back was incredible insight on the part of the Comanche County draft board I was kept out of the military during the Korean war, otherwise I might well be a statistic someplace and you'd be talking to another person. Well in any event I got a degree in Zoology, and then had the opportunity to get a fellowship to the University of Arizona, in wildlife management, which I thought I really ought to have in order to do what I wanted to do. In the intervals in the summer time, in

the days before nepotism was a real problem, my father had gotten permission to hire me, and my childhood colleague, who was the son of one of the people on the staff. To do manual work on the refuge, manual work meaning what was ever at the bottom of the totem pole, is what we got to do. That's…..

M.M.: Give me some examples of…

L.G.: Oh I did clean toilets, public toilets. And by this time public use was being, was emerging, and we repaired facilities, and we did road work, and ya know cleaned up camp grounds, hauled garbage, and generally did things that are calculated to make one appropriately humble. It may not have lasted by it sure worked in those summertime periods between my school year. When I went away to the University of Arizona, I did not come back to do summer work. I stayed and did a Masters Degree on Quail, a bit of research which has not advanced the cause of wildlife management one millimeter so far as I can tell. But it got me a Master Degree, and convinced me that research was not my thing. In the mean time I had become enamored of another person who's father was briefly on the staff at Wichita Mountains, a lady who is currently my wife, and has been for nearly 44 years now. We were planning to get married when I was stationed at Bear River in Utah, a kind of a natural consequence of all these summers of work.

M.M.: Can you just give us her maiden name?

L.G.: Her maiden name was Cunningham, and her father was a man named Fred Cunningham, who spent the balance of his career in the Southeast, in Region 4, at Loxahatchee, and Kentucky Woodlands and such. We were planning to get married and the compassion and the insight of the Draft Board intervened, and I was called into the military. So I spent two years in the military, one year at Fort Knox, in Kentucky where I learned about tanks, and various other implements of war. Then Judy and I were married while we, I, was at Fort Knox, and then I was sent away to Germany for a year and she returned to her parents in Florida. So this interregnum in the military was a thing that in looking back on it, I would not trade for anything under the sun. It think it was really remarkable experience even in light of the fact in spite of the fact that my sojourn in Germany coincided with things like the Hungarian Revolution. A thing that would have also almost certainly made me a statistic. Because we were that far from the Hungarian front,

nothing happened as you know the US did not intervene in that and I came home only to discover that I did not have a job. Because my original appointment was a complicated kind of thing and I was going to have to reapply. No problem so after coming out of the military, I avoided the nepotism rules for a little bit and worked for about 6 months at the National Elk Refuge where my father was then in his final assignment. And I built fence and I cleaned campgrounds…

M.M.: That's cyclical….

L.G.: It's kind of a repetitive thing, but its good for the physic and great for the ego. Then I got a job permanently with the Division of Refuges, and went first to the Salt Plaines in Oklahoma, and spent a year almost to the day there, then I went from there Bosque del Apache in New Mexico, spent a year there. Then somebody in there wisdom in the Fish and Wildlife Service decided I might be a likely candidate for a kind of a tough situation, and that was a new refuge in Western Utah called Fish Springs, which is extremely remote. In those days was more remote in many senses than it is now. So I was offered this job, and I think others had been offered it and turned it down, they finally said , well its kinda like lets let "Mikey" do it. So I jumped at the chance, and my wife was pregnant, we had one son and my wife was pregnant with the second one but we didn't tell the boss, because I knew he wouldn't let us go if he knew that. So, off we went to Fish Springs, and there remained for three years. Circles inside, circles again my older son approching school age, and there we are at Fish Springs, when you could not fire an intercontinental missile and make it reach to where the nearest school was. Ya know, it was one of those things. So my supervisors let me go on leave, for a couple of week to go down and visit the Grandparents in Florida, Fred Cunningham, and said drop by Albuquerque on the way back, so I did. And they said, "it is time for you to change." I'm not sure, ya know, I didn't know initially what they meant, what change. " We think you ought to come in here and go to work" there are lots of schools in Albuquerque, no problem come in here and go to work.

So at that point which was in 1962, I made the shift from a field person to a person dealing in many ways with what I wanted to do at once upon a time. Deal with words and pieces of paper, and ideas and so on. So I went to the Regional Office, in Albuquerque, to be a refuge planner, in the days when planning was extraordinarily simple, else I would not have been able to do any of it. I labored at that for a time and then was made an Assistant

Supervisor of Refuges. Enjoyed myself, we were in Albuquerque for about 6 years I guess. Then I was sent off to Minneapolis, and everybody was happy, the family was in great spirits about going to Minneapolis. We arrived there on the seventh day of April, checked into the Motel, came out on the eighth day of April and where was about 2 inches of snow on the ground. There was a petition instantly advanced, like lets go someplace else. Snow in April, well we stayed in Minneapolis for about three years, and learned to enjoy the idea that it is possible to endure the winter weather without ever stepping into your own back yard because the snow is too deep. It is not humorous to see people on the roof with a snow blower, it is real. It is cold and the little cord that hangs out the front of your car is pretty important to plug in if you intend to start the car, and so on. It was fun particularly when as the snow fell, all winter long, my colleagues would say. This is an extraordinary winter it shouldn't ever do this, and it did that for three years. And we, I was petitioned in a way by John Gottschalk, these were people, of course, I knew. I knew quite well, John Gottschalk and my father were contemporaries, and great friends, but that friendship never effected me. But John Gottschalk called me one day…

M.M.: John Gottschalk's position at this point was?

L.G.: was as Director. A person at my level, and my place in life didn't always get calls from the Director. I was a little stunned, he said, " I want you to do something, special." ," Ok what's that", He says " I want you to go to Portland, Oregon, <good>, and head, be the, Supervisor of Law Enforcement". That was a little different, because I had never, I had done lots of law enforcement on refuges in its way, but I was not a part of the Law Enforcement cadre. All I could think of was these hard eyed guys with this kid from Refuges running the show. Then so I said, ok, if that's what you want. One of the things I had always done, whether it was the right thing or not, I never turned down an offer like that. If someone wanted me to do something I'd do it. Sometimes it gets you some really interesting assignments, but anyway, we went to Portland, and I interacted with Law Enforcement folks. This was in 1970 and 71, I was there, one of the best jobs I ever had, and the most fun I ever had. I was there a year, just not long enough. I was accepted by the Law Enforcement people, because, well they didn't have a lot of choice…<laughter>. But I learned to deal with them, and

I supervised them with a kind of loose hand but if necessary a firm one. I think they appreciated that.

M.M.: How did their culture differ from….

L.G.: It differed a lot because the Law Enforcement guys, were full time Law Enforcement types. They were over worked and in the west where I was, there were still some market hunters in California, this is big stuff. The first Endangered Species Act, not the 1973 Act that is now so famous, but the first couple were in place, and Law Enforcement was the front line of this, because one of the kinds of activities, we under took was the prohibition of the import of animals on the list. So the agents instead of being in the marsh a lot, would wind up being in an airports a lot. We all learned together. I remember, for example, learning after the fact that one of the agents, who was working very closely with the Customs Service Agents. These are not the guys who check your passport these are the customs guys who carry guns, and look for drugs and things. They had found some kind of contraband, snakes or something, on a, as cargo on a 747, and they were trying to talk this agent into impounding the airplane. Which would have complicated every bodies life a lot. But the agent, smart kid, said no I don't think we need to do that, but they really wanted this "sparrow cop", this "fish guy", to do something like that to see what would happen. It was that sort of thing that teaches you about, its called on the job training. Its very effective important work. But the culture of these people was a, and like many law enforcement officer they tend to suspect everybody. We'd drive along and we'd see, doves on a wire and all of a sudden they would say "what's that guy in front of us gonna do.. is he gonna "pot" something" I don't know if he's gonna "pot" anything, ya know and they caught people doing that. They were practically cynical, because people were probably up to what they were thinking about, maybe not this one but somebody was.

It took me a awhile to comprehend this, and to sort of, I don't want to say divert it because you don't want to divert it, you want to encourage it but not to the extent where they see everybody in that light. Because it is not good for them it is not good for the organization, and for them to take an initiative of, for example, we used to discourage hunters through a, illegal hunting, through, how should I say, deception. We'd park a boat trailer with an Interior Department license plate on it, at a place, and people would wonder. Ya know, is he out there, there's this damn boat trailer, is he out there. If you kept people from killing ducks instead of catching them after having

done it. It is all the same except the ducks are better off. So those were the sorts of things we did. It was a transition from a life of enjoying the freedom, that we all did, all of us who were youngsters on Wichita Mountains, or youngsters on any refuge. It's a great place to be, it was perhaps dangerous my mother was white haired early in life. It may have been because of that, it may have been genetic I think it was because of that. But she, ya know that, you could get in trouble, but nothing like you can get into, in a big city these days.

We all survived and we all enjoyed it, and life on the refuge, life in a wild place among wild creatures, solidified my enthusiasm for this sort of thing. That coupled with watching my father and his contemporaries and his colleagues do this work, and enjoying it so much. I have occasionally run into people who do this work and don't like it, and my advice to them is if you don't like it, find something else. Because when this is over there isn't anything else. Not very many in our trade who are dissatisfied with it, and certainly I wasn't. But I got caught up in the processes of the higher echelons of the Service while I was in Portland. The Service was going through a period of examination, not a formal examination, but an examination from the outside. The administration, this was in the early days of the Nixon administration. The Service was being looked at by people in the administration, who looked quickly, I think quickly, I suspect quickly, and decided they didn't like what they saw, and they insisted on some kind of a change being made. That responsibility fell on John Gottschalk, still Director, so he set out to create a new organization, for the Fish and Wildlife Service, that would accomplish a duel purpose, one of bringing the Service back to being one organization and not five.

M.M.: What do you mean by five organizations?

L.G.: Five organizations represented by the five regions then in place. In those days the regions were very autonomous. They were run by Directors of remarkable, power and extraordinarily powerful personalities, and I recall for whom I worked for many years. His name was John Gaitland <?>, a cowboy raised in New Mexico, and Arizona actually old enough to have been in those states while they were still territories. A man having come from the ranks of what we call the "gopher chokers", predator and rodent control people. A very tough guy, who started his day with about that much bourbon in a water glass, never was, he was not ever drunk, he just fired himself up in that way. He was tough, tough as nails, very, he was convinced

that only he knew the troubles of Fish and Wildlife in Southwestern United States, and nobody back in Washington could possibly have a proper perspective of this sort of thing. Well he was effective in his own way, but he represented this development of autonomy. Had been in the job since I can not recall when. Older than dirt, as they say. Well John Gottschalk was given the responsibility of creating an organization that would reverse this trend, and also establish a better connection between the Fish and Wildlife Service and the people it served. So he developed what he called the "Robins Committee", and the "Robins" is an acronym for a thing that I can't recall, somebody forced it, and so I can't remember what it was the acronym for but it was the blueprint for an organization, a new organization of the Fish and Wildlife Service. It was hastily assembled, there were perhaps thirty or forty of us, myself included, who participated in this. I flew every week, for the better part of four months, four or five month from Minneapolis, back to Washington to deal with this.

M.M.: This was before you went to Portland?

J.G.: This was before I went to Portland, but just before. The scheme was put together, and John Gottschalk leaped ahead his time, by doing a television clip, a long one describing for the employees what he intended to do and how he intended to make it work. Sent people out to each region, people had to scurry to find a thing that would play this tape, it was that early in the beginning of things. It was about to be implemented, when the observers on the outside, for reasons I can't recall now, scotched it. They sort of let things drop. That was when Gottschalk sent me west to be a cop. Shortly after that he was, these people came on deck, on the ship, in the Interior Department, and sent him over to the National Marines Fisheries Service as an Assistant Director. They dismissed several other people including the Deputy Director and some others.

During the course of the final days of the "Robins" effort, a man named Spencer Smith, who had been a Supervisor of River Basins Studies, in Atlanta was sent up to be a Special Assistant to the Assistant Secretary. When John Gottschalk left the Service, he, Smith was made the acting Director, he did not want to be the Director, as I recall, permanently, he had insisted on being called the acting Director.

Its important I think for the chronology of things to recognize, that while all of this was going on we were not the Fish and Wildlife Service, we were

the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. There was a Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, which was over in the Commerce Dept at that time, very peculiar. But there remained in the Interior Department, a position supervisory to the Director of Bureau of Sport Fisheries called the Commissioner of Fish and Wildlife. That was occupied briefly by people usually unsuccessful political candidates, or something of that sort. It's the way it works everywhere, but Spencer Smith came in to be the Acting Director, and brought with him a man who had worked with Spencer in Atlanta, went to Albuquerque and was a mentor of mine while I was in Albuquerque and then was brought by Spencer, in to be the Deputy Director, his name was Vic Schmidt, great guy, remarkable perspective on things because he never looked at the world through the same window everybody else did. He delighted in pointing out that his view was a little different "you ought to come around here and look at it from where I'm lookin at it because it may change the way you do things." And that captivated me, I was really taken by the time I worked with him in Albuquerque. Well Spencer and Vic called me up once one evening, and said, we would like you to come to Washington, we "wanta" talk to ya, and I thought oh boy, what ever.

I was doing fine, having a ball in Portland. I came to Washington, and they said, "we want you to be Chief of the Division of Refuges." Now this I should hasten to say was happening to me at a time when I was about forty. It was me being places, I had never dreamed I would be, I had never in my wildest imaginings ever thought I would be asked to do this kind of thing. I was harboring this idea that I probably one day if I was really careful and I really did what I was asked to do. I might get to be, an Assistant Regional Director someplace, enough for me, I thought that would be good enough. But they called me and said they wanted you to be the Chief of the Division of Refuges, and that stunned me, but I said sure I'll do that, I'll do that. So I returned to refuges, and I wish it were that simple. Because there were changes being made, the concern people had about the Fish and Wildlife Service had not gone away, and Spencer Smith was there to undertake some changes. Perhaps less draconian more slowly applied, but to make changes. I was to be a part of that change making apparatus.

There was as Assistant Secretary at that time, a relative new comer, to the Interior Department, a man by the name of Nathaniel P. Reed. From Florida, a very wealthy man in his own right, extraordinarily committed to conservation. A man, one of those rare creatures who I suspect if you checked him carefully, you would discover his blood, was not blood it was adrenaline, because he operated in fifth gear all the time and he expected

everybody else to do so too. Very dynamic, delightful man who made changes, he was not afraid of anyone, he could afford not to be afraid of anyone. There was no dragon to large for him to try to slay. So working for him was kinda fun, it was a little agonizing once and a while but it was fun, because he'd pick on something, like compound 1080, the chemical, a virulent poison that had been used for years to kill coyotes, and other things and had been fingered, as it were, as being guilty of killing Eagles and things of this kind, and he wanted to get rid of compound 1080, it took him a little while but he got it done. It caused much apprehension, and recrimination, and agitation and dislike of Nat Reed by the cattle industry in the west.

He didn't care we are not going to use 1080 anymore, and that was the kind of guy he was.

When he went through an issue he left debris in his wake that the rest of us had to kind of pick up. But it was a lot of fun, ok. I was Chief Division of Refuges, enjoying myself, and had been at the job about six, seven months maybe. This was the early part of 1971, Spencer said, "I need you to be my Special Assistant for a little while." Now, I had an instinctive apprehension about special assistants. In years subsequent to this time I learned to be deathly afraid of Special Assistants, and I didn't use them. Special Assistants are an odd breed and it's a dangerous role to play. But it can be kind of fun. I want you to be a special assistant on some issues. The first one was predators and rodent control. "Get a grip on this", he said, and I thought, get a grip on it, I have been around this all my life I don't understand it. It was like trying to pick up a soupy bowling ball that had no wholes in it. You can't get a grip on this. It is a semi-political thing, in many ways was run by the cattle industry and funded by the cattle industry, supported by members of Congress from the west. Spencer said "get a grip on this and see if we can figure this out." Well I tried and I got quite a ways I think without antagonizing people in the p&rc . He thought well that's pretty good, and then he'd start asking me to do other things, the special assistant things, it was nothing that I didn't want to do, or didn't, didn't find it odious, it was all fun. It gave me a chance to do some really interesting things.

I remember once, early on, being asked to go testify about public use on the refuges and the need for funding. Spencer was there, and Vic Schmidt was there and the Chairman of the Senate Committee, before which we were appearing, was from the State of Nevada, very old guy and a very powerful guy. So I was not entirely sure how all of this worked, because I'd never

seen much of this before, but I got up and talked and did my thing. Afterwards walked up and spoke to the chairman, his name is Allan Bible, and I said Senator Bible do you by any chance recall someone from the University of Nevada named Maxwell Adams, Dean of the University, and chemistry professor, and he stopped dead and said "who Max Adams?" I said he's my grandfather, was my grandfather. All of a sudden everything came to a stop and he was grabbing people around, he said" I want you to meet, Max Adams almost kept me from being a Senator, he nearly failed me, what a great man." It was one of those things that happens, and all of a sudden, I am quite certain, his interest in funding public use on refuges elevated somewhat, because here was something with which he could connect. My career in the Service has been one of those things after another, but in those early days I didn't know what I was doing, none of us were to sure what we were doing. We plodded on in that fashion for sometime, and finally Spencer said " I am going to sent this man"… , young man, colleague of mine named Keyler Martinson, "out to Portland to be the Regional Director", he had been, he was I guess about my age perhaps a little younger, had been the Assistant Director for Operations. Practically everything the Service did was his responsibility in those days. He says," I am going send him to Portland to be the Regional Director, he's tired of being here", and he was, cause he worked hard. Quite a guy,… He says, "I want you to be the Assistant Director for Operations" O.K… So I did, it was going along pretty well, and I was still dealing with predator and rodent control, it was my direct responsibility, as was reality and refuges, and law enforcement, and all this. Kinda fun. I'll carry you to the point at which I was asked to be Director, then I'm afraid my monologue is not helping much.

M.M.: Oh but it is…..

L.G.: In any event, I had been at this maybe four or five months, and Spencer had been exhibiting problems with skin cancer. Was for him very distressing, because its treatment was very uncertain. Spencer's wife, a delightful lady, suffered serious repercussions from allergies here.

He'd even installed a huge house size air filter in the house to try to make her comfortable, but the combination of those things, and he asked the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary, still Nat Reed, and Rogers Morton, to let him go back to Denver, so he went, here we all were, while he was preparing to leave, and trying to find a replacement for him.

They checked here and they checked there. As one of the participants I did, I approached people, and that sort of thing. Fine, the guy I'm gonna work for I'm kinda interested in who this is gonna be. Then one night we all worked usually, at these times, till about 7:30 or 8 o'clock at night. Spencer and I were walking down the hall to the far end of the Interior Building to the entrance next to the park, I guess that's the D Street entrance or wherever it is. Where you take the elevator down to where our cars were parked in the garage and he says " You know these people are talking about making you the Director…" and then he chuckled. I laughed, I said sure they are yeah, your kidding me.. He says, " No…., no, no there are talking about making you the Director, and I am supposed to ask you if your interested. I said your kidding me Spencer, its late at night you shouldn't be, I never called him Spencer I have to say I called him Mr. Smith and he got angry, call me Spencer, Mr. Smith, ya know, your kidding me its to late to be joking about this, and he started laughing and then I wouldn't believe him. Clearly wouldn't believe him, and he said "yeah they're going to ask you". We got in the elevator and he went one way and I the other and got in the car, and I didn't think to much more about it, I mentioned it to Judy that evening, she thought yeah, there gonna ask you… the next morning I got a call from Nat Reed and they said " We want you to be the Director", 42 years olds, and I said ok I'll do it, if you really want me to, I'll do it, I'll give it a try.

It in those days was not yet subject to a Senatorial Confirmation but it still had to be approved by the White House. So Rodgers Morton and I had become, well not friends, because he was Secretary and I was far from being Secretary of anything. But I used to go up with the staff and brief him on the waterfowl regulations, which he loved to deal with. So he knew me pretty well. He was anxious to be able to announce this as quickly as possible. The White House was dillydallying for whatever reason, I don't know what it was, and there was a major meeting of, I think it was the International Association of Fish and Wildlife Agencies, in Orlando, Florida at Disney World, and Morton came down to make a speech. There was I suppose 4 or 5 hundred people there, because this was a big thing with the states and the federal agencies, and some foreign countries. He said, "I want to announce, my selection of Director, new Director of Fish and Wildlife Service, but the White House hasn't quite cleared it yet." He stood there 6 feet 5 white hair, and he said, "oh the heck with it", and took his speech and threw it on the floor and said, "here's whom I am recommending, and we'll sell it, you'll like it, and there is not going to be much, the White House can do about it." So I was named Director on that day, kind of perhaps politically

prematurely, nothing ever happened not to Rodgers Morton, and never gonna happen. People have reminded me since then there was some significance perhaps, some appropriate significance, to being named Director at Disney World.

M.M.: And did you know what to make of that?

L.G.: I didn't know quite what to make of that, it was Mikey Mouse, and me and Goofy, and what ever.

M.M.: So this was all happening in 1973? Is that correct?

L.G.: Yes, this happened in 1973. That was a, the kind of thing that you don't understand until reality sets in. You know I had the meeting with the Regional Directors of the Fish and Wildlife Service, and the senior staff, all of whom were at this meeting in my hotel room. I didn't know quite what to say to them, I said something clearly, and they were very supportive, I got along famously with all of them, they were very supportive, and it was kind of heady and I ran and called my wife who was quite excited about this, and all this. But remember several days later after Spencer had left, and I was, I had the papers, and all the rest, I was sitting in the Directors office, which was in some shambles because he had just moved out and there were some papers still around and what have you. And I can remember, it is vivid in my minds eye, sitting there, here is this desk, nothing on it. The drapes open, and some papers around in a box or two, and this shaft of light across that desk and I was sitting there by myself. And I thought this is what it's like your by yourself, lots of people around, but this is when your by yourself, and its, you'll get lots of help, you'll get more help than you'll need, but when it really gets down to the end point, your in here by yourself. I didn't, I wasn't tempted to break and run home. It was a kind of sobering, and experience for me, 42 years old not expecting to do this.

One of the curiosities of this kind of thing is, I was being shuffled around in these jobs, and in those days, the Chief of the Division of Refuges was a GS15, The Director was a GS18, and when they made me Assistant Director for Operations, they did it on a lateral transfer, they didn't try to make it a GS16 which was the ordinary thing, so here I was. The Director, with a grade, the title carried a grade of 18 and I was a 15. So they tried, and there was a provision, in the Civil Service regulation or there was then. That's referred to as the Whiten amendment, which enables one to get a waver to

avoid having to serve time in a intervening grades before getting to a higher grade and it was used for scientists and folks like me, and so on. So they tried to triple Whiten, to go from 15 to 18, but they couldn't get there. So I was Director at grade 17. When it came time for me to retire several years later I am sure it caused all manner of what in the world were these people doing. The salaries were all kinda peaked out because of the cap that was on them, but here I was, and no one knew and I didn't understand and didn't care. Cause I had other kinds of worries as of the day I sat in there by myself and realized that it's really kinda like by yourself.

Vic Schmidt, remained as Deputy, and it was one of the best things that ever happened to me because he was an extraordinary person, had no personal aspirations, except to do a good job, and he liked me and he helped me, and he was the classic, extraordinarily good Deputy. He knew everything that I knew, he knew everything that was going on in the outfit. He knew what he should do and he knew what he should hand to me. He was a great one for ya know on the current basketball craze with the Nicks and the Spurs, the pick, he could pick for me, somebody preparing to give me a hard time or give me a problem, and he could step in front of it so neatly, and I might never even know he'd done it. It was the sort of thing that enabled me not to feel alone. But it was the time of the Endangered Species Act. I came in office in October of 73 the Act and C.I.T.E.S, were signed in the fore part of December, I guess of 73. That changed the world for me, for Fish and Wildlife Service and for every Director after me.

M.M.: Lets go back to that time. Did you know it was going to be that influential in 73, was it clear even then?

L.G.: No, it wasn't clear but it, I had an inkling because of the potential of the other two Acts. My role in the Service at the time the 73 Act was being worked on, was not one that had me deeply engaged in the legislative dimension of it. That was being handled, a lot by Reed, and others at a high level, because that was a thing they wanted to get right by their standards. This was a time when Republicans were in the Administration but it was a time when conservation was and the environment, was not looked upon,<"as chance".. unclear ?>.Nixon was a President who permitted, N.E.P.A, the, E.P.A, Clean Water Act. All these kinds of thing, I don't pretend to know what was in his mind, I suspect it was a kind of an benign tolerance. "Its ok these people, ya know, I have other kinds of things to deal with." And certainly he did, at those times. A man like Rodgers Morton, who was

immensely powerful in the Republican party, also had a thing about conservation, and he used to call me up, and I'd go up and he would talk about his farm on the eastern shore, and he'd talk about waterfowl production, and he'd talk about things that were of interest to him. His people were very supportive, so it was a time and a circumstance in which the environment and conservation, had a better situation, you know the situation was better than subsequently was the case under Republican administrations. There was the Alaskan Native Claims Settlement Act, and the land claims thing, that was going on, it was a pretty busy, heady time, as you can imagine. But the Endangered Species Act and I came into, in on the scene about the same time. It having far more repercussions than I, but I can remember that the people who began study that, were pointing out that this is big stuff. We had a very profound responsibility for developing the regulations that went with that. Because it applied primarily to federal agencies. It required an awful lot of hand holding with other agencies, many of which were not interested, and if interested were, reluctantly so. Some of the key staff people, spent lots of time carefully formulating the regulations. I think did an outstanding job of making regulations that would enable us to carry out the proposes of the Act without creating a backlash against the Act, because it was like the fledgling creature it was and could have been killed off <finger snap> just like that.

M.M.: What was the first backlash, do you think?

L.G.: Well I think the first backlash, of course was the reality of the Snail Darter. Which in and of it's self was a kind of a tempest in a tea pot. But for the political environment in which it worked, the political environment being the Tennessee Valley Authority. Who believed, or at least behaved as if they believed the Act didn't apply to them. When the Teleco Dam and the Snail Darter issue arose, it arose not because of an action by the Service, but by local opponents of the Dam. Which included some very capable scientists, who concluded who is a critter who is going to be jeopardized by this dam and we want to evoke the provisions of the Act, which citizens can do, that's fine, no problem there.

They created this problem for T.V.A., and T.V.A. kept saying, it doesn't apply to us, it doesn't apply to us, its not our problem. It was quite clear they were apprehensive because they sped up the work on the dam from two shifts or whatever to three shift of pouring concrete. It caused, because we then filed an emergency determination of the endangered status of the Snail Darter. I even at that time, I was convinced that if somebody looked hard

enough, we would find more Snail Darters. Because it just wasn't, I'm not a good Biologist, but I am good enough to know that, that peculiar situation probably unusual. By that time the politics of the thing had long since, T.V.A was not interested in anything helpful. As you know it created a situation subsequently, that went to the Supreme Court, this was, it went to the Supreme Court in the Carter Administration. And it caused the President to have to make a interesting decision because the opponents in the case before the Supreme Court were arms of the Government. The Tennessee Valley Authority on one hand and the Interior Department, Fish and Wildlife Service on the other. He had to make it possible for the two, elements to be represented. The Supreme Court didn't take long to say, "you guys got a problem, it's the law. You can't finish that dam, you can't close the dam." Oh boy was there fuss and bother over that, that resulted in a lot of maneuvering on the "Hill" and finally the exemption of the Teleco and one other dam in an appropriations measure that was slid through, without anybody having much chance to set a "pick" on that particular transaction. It resulted in subsequent amendment to the Act that called for the so called God Squad, or the Endangered Species review committee, and that gave me an opportunity, or at least I found an opportunity to make one contribution to legislation for this republic, that I am pretty proud of, because it was a kinda oddball thing.

The composition of the board of this group, was pretty well established as being the Governor of the State effected and the Secretary of Agriculture and Secretary of the Interior, and all these people. My contribution was to tell Senator John Culver, who was the Republican Chairman of the Committee that was involved.

I suggested why don't you put something in there that says these people can't delegate their responsibility, they've got to be the members of the board. The Secretary of the Interior can't give it to the Assistant Secretary, or somebody, a kid in mailroom it's got to be him.. It had occurred to me after watching these people, many times when they were stuck with the decision about something momentous, whales, or whatever. They were inclined to make the right decision and not the political decision, if you could make sure that they didn't get to give away the responsibility, the review committee would probably work alright. And it did, with the Snail Darter, that's why this action with the appropriation happened. The people in the T.V.A. area just assumed that the committee reviewing the Teleco would say, "Ha, build the dam", and they didn't say that. It was said that, when we look at this, why are we building a dam in the first place, with or

without fish, it is a waste of money. They killed it off just like that. You can believe these were times when it was really interesting, it was things like that, that created in me a sort of galvanic reaction when the phone rang. When the calls came to me they usually weren't good news, and I hated to hear the phone ring in my outer office, because I knew I was probably going to get…ya know, the ball was being passed up, and here I was. It has only been since I been retired, that I can hear the phone ring without being a little antsy, about what it might be.

M.M.: I am glad I contacted you via e-mail, let me ask you about that though, because you said something interesting, you said well you thought there were probably Snail Darters somewhere else, and what you didn't actually talk about is, whether you felt personally that it should have been pursued, because there is a statutory thing you had to do.

L.G.: I thought that what should have been pursued as a opening gambit was a thorough search for Snail Darters. It didn't take us long to discover nobody had looked in other places. T.V.A., we didn't have the resources to do that, T.V.A. had then and now has resources practically unlimited, immense resources, and they wouldn't, because I think a good many of their fisheries people felt the same way. The, subsequently, it was developed as you know that the subspecies of Snail Darter, was found in another creek and it's been found in lots of other places, so the issue vis-a-vis the fish was a tempest in a teapot. The issue vis-a-vis the principle of the Endangered Species Act was not a tempest in a teapot. It made it abundantly clear that the Act says that it shall be the policy of the United States, not to let any species of plant or animal slide into oblivion, if somebody can do anything about it, and that is kinda simple. That as a friend of mine several years ago said, " I read that, he was a professor of political science, " I read that to my class, and one of the students put his finger right on it. There is something theological about the mission that objective of the Act, and so our, at least my aim, was to make sure of the hazard, ya know look for the fish. If there was none, if you don't find fish you sure don't do something that will extinguish this population of creatures. I would tell people, don't use the Act as the bludgeon to beat down a project you don't like. If the creature you choose is truly in trouble lets deal with that on its own merits. But I don't want to be a party to and wont let the Service be a party to using the Act as a sort of left handed way to get rid of something that you can't get rid of any other way. There were some efforts on the part of people to do that.

Which brings me to a dimension of the Services woes in Endangered Species listings, and this kind of thing, that was particularly troubling at the time, and in retrospect, what can I say, But one of the things I was concerned about as were the key folks that worked with me in administering the Act. Was that we had to make sure that what we did initially, that the listings we made the way you handle the Grizzly Bear, all these things were rational and made sense and showed a thoughtfulness, as to the consequences.

Other wise we were going to loose that Act. It would be so easy in those early times, it would have been so easy to kill it off, or as some had suggested lets only have it apply to Vertebrate Species, or ya know things that just didn't make biological sense. So we would get a petition for some little critter some where, that was standing in the way of some airport, somebody didn't like. Or whatever it was, and sometimes in order to keep this from getting completely out of hand we would pass the package back and forth. I would say, I don't like this you will have to redo it. Which was, maybe not true, but it kept it from becoming the thing of the moment. Until it could be addressed, approached, presented rationally. I think in two or three cases we may have been able to be bureaucrats in the most negative sense of that term, and save the Act because there were times when it was amended and the poor thing has been amended, even while I remained Director I can remember being at hearings where member of Congress would say, "I thought we were just getting ready to protect things like eagles, and big bears, or whatever, I didn't know we were going to be fooling with Mrs. Furbishes louse wart, and had I known that, the pure perfect subjunctive, had I but known, I would never had voted for it." All I could think of is that these guys can just as easily vote to tear it down. Can't do it now, I don't think there a politician that in spite of the currant efforts some ways to weaken it, that it can ever be eviscerated. But it could have been at one time.

The management of the Service in those times was an interesting thing, because we were getting tools. The endangered Species Act, and N.E.P.A, and that were powerful things, extremely powerful things, and the ability to effect peoples lives, which was always there in a small way, ya know you, but, people who interacted with the Fish and Wildlife Service might be some duck hunter who got stopped to have the plug checked in his shot gun. But if now here's somebody that's getting ready to fill in a piece of wet land, and who the guy or the lady, mercifully, more and more ladies involved in those times, standing there saying wait no…, it was the Fish and Wildlife Service.

It took a lot of effort, and sometimes some real heartache and an occasional near sleepless nights as we progressed toward applying these tools in ways that serve the interests of the critters and the places they live, and didn't put an intolerable strain on the mechanism. There was always somebody, ya know, a Secretary would call up and say, "what's this about the road in South Louisiana or something that can't build across a marsh because it will destroy wet land". Well Mr. Secretary you can't do that the Clean Water Acts says you can't do that, and he'd say "the guy who wants to, sponsoring this is one of the biggest contributors to the party in the country". I am sorry Mr. Secretary it can't be done, we can't let him, because it's not proper to let him, "oh ok well I'll tell him", and that's the kind of reaction I got from all of the Secretaries I worked for, "well I'll tell him". Not "damn you, your going to change your mind", it never was that way, it was always supporting because I think we were realistic, and credible, and reasonably thoughtful, and never, never set out to do a thing that we hadn't at given some thought to.

So that we knew what the consequences might well be. There came a time when my life changed again in a very personal sort of way, in that, we had decided that being the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, was a little cumbersome ya know and you'd have to, everybody was in uniform in those days, and then you had to have a tape about so big with all this stuff on it, and the letters so tiny nobody could understand. So I conspired, this was in the waning days of the Nat Reed administration, I conspired with a Assistant Secretary, and some others to try to advance some legislation, that would eliminate the Office of Commissioner.

Everybody was afraid of the kinds of people that had been put in there, mercifully it had remained vacant for a long time. The last guy to occupy the office was a nullity, but a pestiferous one, and he left and they never did fill it again, but we wanted to get rid of it lest somebody come along and decide it would be a great place for his brother in law to be. So we set out to get the name changed back to the Fish and Wildlife Service, and worked then with John Dingle, who was chairman of the House committee who would deal with that sort of thing, and Dingle said "sure that sounds good to me, lets have a hearing and we'll do some legislating", and this kind of thing. In the interval he got into trouble, I've forgotten what it is that irked him, but John Dingle was a man easily irked, by small things sometimes, but the then Director of the Park Service had irked him a little bit by something he did, said, performance or whatever. Dingle found out that the guys

credentials were limited to his being advance man for the Nixon campaign, and that he was by training and experience a merchandiser of plumbing supplies. Dingle said, "I am going to add something else to this legislation." Turns out what he did was add, He said "I can't fix the Park Service but I sure can keep the Fish and Wildlife Service from getting into the same trouble." So what he did was create the requirement that the Director be by virtue of training and experience a professional fish or wildlife biologist. So this was fine, it was more than I expected, and then he added the part about it's being necessary that the incumbent be nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate, a thing that was never done to Bureau Directors in the Interior Department before, and that was ok. The immediate problem, a momentary one, but an immediate one, was that when the law was passed and signed there was no longer a Bureau of Sport Fishing and Wildlife, there for the Director there of, was out of a job.

M.M.: interjects… This happens periodically.

L.G.: That happens periodically, and here I sat, without being Director of the new Fish and Wildlife Service. But they made me acting Director, obviously, and that was no longer a general schedule job, that was an executive level job. The executive level job which by a quirk of the way things worked had a salary scale somewhat lower than everybody who worked in my corridor. Which was ok I never was in it for the money. Then it became necessary for me to make the rounds of the Senate Members of the Committee, that would deal with me and having a joint hearing. I had to turn in my financial records and so on, and it got back to me that the Chairman of one of the committees, there were two committees, said "This man doesn't have much money, he doesn't have anything," and a guy says " he worked for the Government all of his life what do you expect." So I didn't have to explain any extraordinary stock holding or anything. I discovered the hard way how interesting a confirmation hearing can be after you have been Director for a couple of years or three. Because they ask you about all of these things. I was being whipped sawed about water rights, and all kinds of things. Regulating falcons, one of the most controversial things the Fish and Wildlife Service ever got into, regulating falconry. I was beginning to wonder if these people were ever going to let me down, and let me be Director.

It happened that at that time, the famous Judge Bolt, Indian rights decision had just come down on the west coast, and somebody on the

committee, and I can't recall who it was, was from there, and started asking the Assistant Secretary, Nat Reed, who was there to be my sponsor. They started asking him questions, about the Indian issue, now Nat Reed was a guy who never admitted he didn't know anything, there was a whole lot he knew and not much he didn't know, but he didn't know anything about the Indian issue. They started in on him, so the greater part of my hearing was while they worked Nat Reed over about the Indian rights, the treaty issues, the treaty tribes issues, and so they went through this drill and they did me a little bit, and they sent a whole bunch of questions over for me to answer in writing. Then the next day unanimously, the Senate unanimously confirmed me. That was fine, so that made this big change, and every thing that you see around you now that says U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, emanated from that little spasm, which was great, and it required subsequently for us to arrive, at an emblem, a symbol for the Fish and Wildlife Service.

I was a little reluctant, because I knew instinctively that this is one of things in which there are no winners, you can not win in choosing these things. So we had professionals work on the thing, and had five or six suggestions including the one that is now there. So I said this is one where I am going to pick the one that I like, cause I knew I maybe the only one around who cares about it, but I am the only one responsible for it, and maybe I can sell it to Nat Reed, the last guy who it had to be approved by. So I picked the one you now have carried over to Reed and I've forgotten just how I did it, but I got him to choose it as the lessor of several evils or something, I don't know what it was. The worst one and that one were something, put it behind a flower or something, I can't remember, but anyhow he approved that. Then I enjoyed several times the opportunity as I went out and spoke to the troops in the field, frequently the Regional Offices would get everybody with in reasonable commuting distance, when I was coming to town and we'd have a session, where I would sit and answer questions, because I, demurely, ya know you don't enjoy that because you know your gonna get a question that's not much fun, but I kinda liked doing it. Almost every time for a while till the word got around somebody would say, "can you tell me who it was that changed that stupid emblem we're wearing…?" I'd say yeah I can tell you….

M.M.: Why did you like the emblem, why did you chose the one with the…

L.G.: It appealed to me, its color and it's images, in my mind I can not recall what the others where, somebody down in public affairs may have the originals, and then you can draw your own conclusion. But ya know somebody would ask me who choose that stupid thing, oh I said, I'm guilty of choosing that stupid thing, big silence while he wondered what his future was going to be.

M.M.: We'll have to chase that down… Let me ask you two more questions, then we'll finish up and then have some lunch. First of all is there anything you regretted doing as Director, any mistakes you made between 73 and 84.

L.G.: I suspect there were a number, I, ya know, one of the things I regretted was my choice of drapes for my office, I remember that, and I didn't like that, and I don't mean to sound self serving, but I there were things I didn't like doing. I had to dismiss people, and I had to discipline folks sometimes, people who were, in the other life, good friends of mine. I don't think of anything off hand that I really regretted, which may be a function of maybe of kind of a limited array of things I did do. I was the approver of and in some ways the architect of the area office idea. Which I thought was the really good way to make the Fish and Wildlife Service relate to the citizens it serves, and in some ways, what I understand of the current organization is kind of a return to that, a sort of a return to that. It also did something that I believe implicitly in and that was to put the responsibility for and the opportunity for making decision for pieces of dirt here and marshes there, and that sort of thing, in the hands of the people who are closest to it, and who knew most about what it would take to get the job done. It also made it an absolute responsibility, on the part of senior people Regional Directors and others. To know how to tell these people what the aim of the organization was. Were going to work on migratory bird reintroduction someplace, or saving plyulites or what ever it was. All that had to be translated to people who could with confidence, tell a State Game Director in Texas, this is the Services position on this and you can do this but you can't do that and have it stick.

To often, in organizations, and it was true for the Service, and may be true of the Service now. Organizations get a man or a woman on the firing line, in this gun fight, and everybody is out to lunch when the chips are down, and that's not fair and that's not right. I think the area office approach was fast dismissing that possibility, that if somebody said this is the way this has got to be he or she was saying it in light of the knowledge that, that's

true, that's a fact, and you can ask the man upstairs and he will tell you the same thing. If the man would go and ask him and he would get the same answer. I think that's the sort of thing that eventuates in innovative, imaginative, practical solutions to problems. So in direct answer to your question, I don't think of anything I really regret. I did a lot of things I didn't enjoy, because I, sometimes you have to do that.

M.M.: Does one stick in your mind?

L.G.: I encouraged, short of dismissal, I encouraged a Regional Director to retire, after I could not get him to separate in his actions the political, my responsibility, and the biological, his responsibility. He was, he just couldn't do that, cause I was in trouble as a result of that a lot. So I finally said ya know you told me once that you were close enough to retirement that you would do so anytime I asked you to. I really think you ought to consider it now. That was particularly troubling because this man and my father, then dead, were very close friends and this man stood up for my father, in a time when senior folks were out to lunch when he was killing snakes. Here he was, I sent him on his way. It was not acrimonious, but I thought to myself here he is, a man among almost no one else in this whole organization stood up in behalf of my father when he was fighting a good fight over something on Wichita Mountains, but I am asking him to leave, and it was clear to him that he was being asked to leave. I didn't regret it, it changed thing for the better, for him and for us as well. But I didn't enjoy it, I really didn't enjoy that at all, but I don't regret any of the things I did, or the decisions, the substantive decisions I made because they were made after a lot of people and I talked about them, and we did things in a kind of orderly sequential way so that if something didn't work the whole thing wasn't gone. Just a small piece of it was gone. I had lots of good help and the loneliness that I spoke of early in our discussion had largely dissipated but for the fact when you're at the final analysis the guy who signs, was me. In those days I was delegated authority to sign Endangered Species things, I could sign the waterfowl regulations. I could sign all manner of things, because my superiors knew that if it was something I sensed was going to be a potential difficulty I'd go tell them about it. But I still signed.

M.M.: Well let me end on a more positive note. What single thing are you most proud of during your tenure? If you had to pick one thing?

L.G.: If I had to pick one thing and this may surprise you, but its that I worked from a group of men and women that went from being the Regional Directors, and Assistant Regional Directors and senior people in the office who were often at odds with one another. I convinced them that there were not just an Assistant Director for Fisheries or for Operations, but the were members of the Board of Directors of the Fish and Wildlife Service, In that in the final analysis my expectation of them was to think of there Regions interests, as they formulated their proposals plans and requests. But when we got down to the last decision making they thought about the Fish and Wildlife Service. To the exclusion of all other things, the Fish and Wildlife Service, and when I say that, I mean the critters and the places those critters live and the people who preserve what it is the Fish and Wildlife Service was all for.

One time, you know this, I can remember how this changed when we had a budget discussion, as we were preparing to develop a budget to present to the Interior Department and then to the Congress. The Regional Directors were making their pitch for special things that they wanted to have considered, and I remember that one of them after hearing all this, stood up and said "ya know, I have been listening to all of this and that thing I wanted to do, that you seem, you all seem very interested in, I want to withdraw that because I think this other one is more important. I nearly cried, because I never thought I would live to see that happen. That broke the ice, from then on it was one of these things where we all got it together and when it came out as a bundle, a package, a presentation, it represented, we calculated it once it was like 1100, accumulated years of experience in Fish and Wildlife management. What we thought was important to the country through the medium, the mechanism of the Fish and Wildlife Service to present to the Congress. That didn't always work, but it worked. That's a thing that doesn't happen, that is not spontaneous generation, you have to make it possible for these things to fulfill themselves, I didn't maneuver anybody I didn't do anything. I just hoped it would work out this way. I encouraged it, and when it started happening it was no contest, it was no problem, and that I one thing I did.

If there were a single, smaller thing of which I am personally most proud of, doesn't mean much to anything. But I fought pretty hard against recommendations to the contrary, to get Sevilleta, one of the largest refuges in the Continental United States, New Mexico, and we got that thing for a net outlay from the Service I think of something like $43,000.00. Nature

Conservancy took it as a donation, and the people, a lot people didn't want us to have that, "its just desert and rocks, like that and it's not our kind of a thing." It is a whole Spanish land grant it is a quarter of a million acres, one piece, bisected by a interstate highway. The first time I saw it I used to drive back and forth through it going from Bosque to Albuquerque It had about as much grass on it as this drum table leg, the last time I was there which was about a year ago it had grass this high, and it looks a little bit like what it may have looked like when Coronado came through. In a hundred years it will look exactly like it did when the first white men saw it. And that's one I made happen.

M.M.: Thank you so much Lynn, we appreciate your time.

L.G.: Absolutely.